

Pop Goes The Bottle.

Under the title of "Thrilling Adventure of a Young Lady," we find in the Philadelphia City Item a very comical story.

"In one of the most sober towns of Hampshire County, where the Maine Law is strictly observed, the keeper of one of the hotels has for several months past kept a bottle or two of wine in the bed where he sleeps, taking care to remove them every night when he went to bed, and replace them when he got up in the morning. A few days since, after replenishing his bottles, and not having a good opportunity to carry them to his old quarters, he slipped them under the bolsters of one of the beds reserved for travelers, and being called out of town to spend the following day, forgot to remove them. It unfortunately happened that a young lady traveler stopped at the hotel for the night, and was conducted by an unsuspecting servant girl to the room where the liquors had been deposited. As the evening grew late, the young lady went to bed, and was soon fast asleep, little dreaming of the mischievous spirits which were working under her pillow. About midnight, when all had become still, the secreted liquor—owing to the heat of the weather, or the warmth imparted to it by the sleeper—expanded to such a degree as to defy longer confinement. Pop! pop! went the corks of both bottles, almost as loud as the report of as many pistols, and awaking the fair sleeper, who sprang from the bed, uttering such wild and terrific screams, that every person in the house was immediately aroused. The moon shone bright enough for the lady to discover the liquor on her night dress, and with the conviction that she had been shot, she fainted and fell to the floor. A dozen servants immediately burst into the lady's room, and were horrified to find her lying on the floor and weltering in blood! All believed that some horrible tragedy had been enacted—that she had either committed suicide or had been cruelly murdered. A light, however, convinced them that she still breathed. No time was lost in sending for a surgeon, whilst the half-dressed inmates of the house commenced a search for the assassin or the instrument which had been employed to perpetrate the horrid deed. On examining the bed, it was found to be drenched with what was supposed to be the blood of the young lady, but the strong smell of wine caused one to investigate further, when the two bottles were discovered under the pillow! How the doctor came, how the lady recovered, and how the landlord tried to hush up the affair the next day, can be better imagined than we can describe."

Bunyan's Silver Mine.

In these days of running after gold, as a seasonable warning, we copy for perusal the following passage from Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress:

"At the furthest side of the plain called Ease, was a little hill called Lucere, and in that hill a silver mine, which some of them that had formerly gone that way because of its rarity, had turned aside to see; but going too near the brim of the pit, the ground being deceitful under them, broke, and they were slain. Some, also, had been maimed there, and could not, to their dying day, be their own men again."

"Then I saw in my dream, that a little off of the road, over against the silver mine, stood Demas, to call passengers to come and see—who said to Christian and his fellows:

"Ho! turn aside hitherto, and I will show you a thing."

"What thing so deserving as to turn us from the way?" asked Christian.

"Here is a silver mine, and some digging in it for treasure. If you will come, with a little pains, you may richly provide for yourselves."

"Then," said Hopeful, "let us go and see."

"Not I," said Christian, "I have before heard of this place, and how many have here been slain; and besides, that treasure is a snare to those that seek it, for it hindereth them in their pilgrimage."

"Then Christian called to Demas, saying:

"Is not the place dangerous?"

"Not very dangerous, except to those which are careless." But withal, he blushed as he spoke.

"Then," said Christian to Hopeful, "let us not stir a step, but still keep on our way."

"I will warrant you when By-ends comes up, if he has the same invitation as we, he will turn in hither to see."

"No doubt thereof," said Christian, "for his principles lead him that way, and a hundred to one he dies there."

Philosophy in an Apron.

Passing a group of men yesterday, engaged in laying up a wall—they are laying up walls everywhere—one of the workmen, talking of an arch, exclaimed, "It'll tumble down!"

"Put a weight on it, then," was the brief response of a man in an apron, who immediately proceeded to tap a brick very affectionately with his trowel. "Put a weight on it, then!" Where will you find a longer chapter of philosophy "done down," into smaller compass? It is the true doctrine of living and laboring and succeeding. Not bolstered up, propped up, held up, but knitted into strength—"set"—not to sink the trade—beneath a burthen.

When a man wearies with the little labors of life and falters on the way, lay upon him a heavy burden, an unwonted responsibility, and he will stand erect, "stiffen the sinews and summon up the blood."

The lost and aged wanderer whose feeble limbs refused to bear further, saw his daughter sinking down to die, and all at once a ray of this beautiful philosophy shone into his soul, and he said, "Lean on me, daughter, and I'll be strong!" And he was strong, and they reached their home in safety. This doctrine is exemplified every day. We know a couple who had, as they said forty times a day, and to every body that came within hailing distance, "a dreadful hard time to get along—only think of it, three children 'most of a size, and all agrowing!" Well, they have seven olive branches round their table now, and neither time nor disposition to complain; and "the reason why," they have so many to lean on them, it makes them strong. —N. Y. Tribune.

Touching Story.

The following beautiful and touching story was related by Dr. Shenebly, of Maryland, at a meeting in New York, on Sunday night last, to hear the experiences of twenty reformed drunkards:

A drunkard who had run through his property, returned one night to his unfurnished home. He entered its empty hall—anguish was gnawing at his heart-strings and language is inadequate to express his agony as he entered his wife's apartment, and there beheld the victims of his appetite—his lovely wife and darling child. Morose and sullen he seated himself without a word—he could not speak, he could not look upon them. The mother said to the little angel by her side, "Come, my child, it is time to go to bed," and that little babe, as was her wont, knelt by her mother's

lap, and gazing wistfully into the face of her suffering parent, like a piece of chiselled statuary, slowly repeated her nightly orison; and when she had finished, the child (but four years of age) said to her mother, "Dear 'ma, may I not offer up one more prayer?" "Yes, yes, my sweet pet, pray," and she lifted up her tiny hands, closed her eyes and prayed—"Oh! God, spare, oh, spare my dear papa!" That prayer was wafted with electric rapidity to the throne of God. It was heard on high—'twas heard on earth. The responsive "Amen!" burst from that father's lips, and his heart of stone became a heart of flesh. Wife and child were both clasped to his bosom, and in penitence he said, "My child, you have saved your father from the grave of a drunkard. I'll sign the pledge!"

THE FIRST AND THE LAST.—A young tippler at the threshold, and a sot at the grave. The saloon and the scaffold—the bright hopes of young manhood and the gnawings of remorse; the bright laughter of the young revelers, and the maniac's wail among the lost; the luring promise of fame, and the lowest crater of infamy; the innocence of childhood, and the wickedness of the damned. Stand, sir, upon the threshold of the drunkard, and the whole panorama of intemperance lies before you. There is the first step and the last. There is the man behind the bar with the toddy stick, and the man behind the church in Potter's Field with his spade. The pathway is broad and deeply beaten, for throngs of eager pilgrims are thronging to the land of gibbet, dungeon and grave. Do you go in? Think of home, kindred, childhood and heaven, and turn away! That is a fearful road to travel. —Cayuga Chief.

THE DEATH OF CHILDREN.—I have seen persons gather for the parlor their choicest flowers, just as they begin to open into full bloom and fragrance, lest some passer-by should tear them from the bush and destroy them. Does not God sometimes gather into heaven young and innocent children for the same reason, lest some rude hand may despoil them of their beauty?

ANECDOTE OF TOM MARSHALL.—When Pilcher was haranguing about "his father having been a poor man," his "father was a cooper," and more of that sort of thing, Marshall said he would admit the gentleman's father was a poor man, perhaps he had been a cooper; if he was (pointing to Pilcher,) he had put a mighty poor head to one of his whisky barrels! —Knickerbocker.

HOW TO MAKE MURDERERS.—The Wheeling Intelligencer says, that twenty-five years ago the father of M. P. Ward, who killed Prof. Butler, of Louisville, was with difficulty restrained from attacking a teacher who had moderately chastised his son. That son is now a confined criminal, charged with killing the teacher of his younger brother. It seems that he is twenty-five years of age and married. Verily, the influence of a good or bad example reaches far, far into the future.

A reverend gentleman down South being invited by a young friend to take a private drink, agreed to dispose of a lemonade. By some mistake he drank his friend's whisky punch, and the young man informed him that he had taken the wrong horn. The minister smiled affably and remarked, "Ah, my young friend, the horn of the ungodly shall be put down."

Nothing produces nothing.

The numerous drinking houses, places of public resort for men and youth, scattered over the city, even among respectable dwelling houses, the keepers of which admit one and all, white or black, young or old, male or female, master or apprentice, from whom they can make money, whether they are drunk when they enter, are disorderly, under age or on Sunday, are nuisances, paralyzing the efforts of good men and such of the police as are trying to keep order in the city. On Sunday afternoon, several young men assembled at the house of Anthony Fanger, corner of Ninth and Plum, where after drinking they became unruly, and their disorderly conduct attracted the police. In giving in his testimony, the landlord acknowledged that he sold liquor on Sunday, when the Judge arraigned him for selling liquor on Sunday, and to boys under 16 years of age, and testimony having been introduced confirming the charge, he was fined \$10 and costs. —Cincinnati Gazette.

Does the Editor mean to say that only such drinking houses as admit "one and all, white or black, young or old," &c., are "nuisances?" If so we would take issue with him. We challenge the gentleman to find in any standard law book a definition of nuisance, that will not embrace every drinking house on the face of God's green earth.

THE CURSE OF INTemperance.—The Grand Jury of Alleghany county, (Pa.) at their recent sessions, respectfully set forth "that for the last five years we have been engaged in the capacity of the grand inquest sitting in and for the county of Alleghany; that during that time we found upwards of one hundred and fifty true bills of indictment, and at the very lowest calculation four-fifths of the number are the result, either directly or indirectly, of the use of intoxicating liquors, thereby creating an enormous expense to be paid out of the public treasury, which must be replenished by imposing additional taxation upon the industrious portion of community, and at the same time this unholy traffic is producing poverty, wretchedness, crime, and degradation that has a most ruinous and unhappy effect upon the public welfare."

PROHIBITORY LAW.—We learn from the Tennessee Baptist, that a committee was appointed at the last session of the General Association of Tennessee and North Alabama, to memorialize the Legislature of Tennessee praying for the prohibition of the Liquor traffic in that State. The Editor says: "Let it be borne in mind, that the Representatives of 20,000 Baptists in Middle Tennessee and North Alabama resolved, without a dissenting voice, to pray for the passage of a law prohibiting the manufacture and traffic of ardent spirits within the limits of the State. "Who," he asks, "Will now say that the Baptists of Tennessee are opposed to Temperance, let him be put down as a slanderer."

FARMERS, NOTE THIS.—In a cloudy morning it is a matter of importance to the farmer to know whether it will be sunshine or showery in the afternoon. If the ants have cleared their hole nicely, and piled the dirt up high, it seldom fails to bring a good day for the farmer, even if it should be cloudy till ten or eleven o'clock in the forenoon. Spider-webs will be very numerous about the tops of the grass and grain some cloudy mornings, and fifty years observation has shown the writer of this that these little weather guessers seldom fail in their predictions of a fair day.